

**Citrusville Morning Herald.**

**Trapping the Tiger.**

AN "AMBUSH ON BROADWAY FOR THE ROYAL BEAST—ITS GUTTERING END."

SPOILED BY THE BLUES.

Has the New York Herald said so?

No, SIR! Broadway, the first floor near Union Square, has long been known as the entrance to a jungle of the voracious "tiger," and many have been the victims to its claws. With his head and front paws velvet carpet, gorgeous furniture massive chandeliers, resplendent mirrors, tapestry, lace and paintings made a magnificent scene. Within the hall were scores of gentlemen, led down to assumption's feast. Wind flowed without stint; choice Havanas filled the apartments with fragrant smoke; and the best fastidious were at hand for chewery.

It was the beautiful resort for the wealthy business man, who when night approached courted the dancing girl, the gambler, the broker, merchant, my lady and her friends.

Last night it he desired, (secretly) to do so, and the board of Police Magistrates should make a searching inquiry to discover whether some of its members had done so. It is now under investigation, and away a case of one of its Tammany associates.

**Planting Trees.**

Honore Greeley makes the following suggestions in regard to planting and growing trees in a recent article upon that subject:

"The farmer has recently inherited, or otherwise obtained, some owner of a farm, has usually found some parts of it devoted to wood; and this, if not in existence, he has endeavored to restore by studies and plans with a view to the ultimate decision to timber up those portions of his land that are best adapted to such uses." He also says that we must have him consider those suggestions:

"At Land wisely planted, with trees and brush so far as need be, to keep out cattle, sheep malingers. Whatever else you grow involves labor, and expenditure."

**Thackeray's Opinion of Dickens.**

This generous tribute to Dickens is extracted from the Fifth volume of the "Household Edition of Thackeray's Works," published by the Knickerbocker & Co.:

"And there now sat our book left in the box—the earliest one—but oh! how much the best of all!... It is the work of a great heart, a great brain, a great soul alive; the young man who came and took his placeantly at the head of the whole tribe and kept it true to the old ways over two centuries since the half dozen years the store of happy years that he has made up pass, the kindly and pleasant companions whom he has introduced to us; the noblest of kind men, and the most frank, manly, human love, which he has taught us to feel! Every month of those years has taught us some kind token from him."

His books may have lost interest, perhaps, but could we afford to wait? Since the days when the "Spectator" was produced the world of kind mind and tenacity of will where appeared that have taken

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committees, and happened to be conversing with three or four members." He observed Morrissey repeatedly crossing by the door, and he thought that he would follow him.

At last, after the departure of Mr. Colfax's visitors, Morrissey stealthily crept to the door, took a peep, saw that no one was coming, and then said: "Approaching 'Mr. Colfax,' he said:

"'Mr. Speaker, I have'd this box of Havana cigars I am going to send you.' Will you accept them?'

"'Thank you, kindly,' replied Mr. Colfax; 'Anything in that line is acceptable.'

"'All right,' said Morrissey.

"'I will be glad to accept them,' said 'Mr. Speaker, I have a favor to ask. I want you to put me on a certain committee."

"Leave the cigars on one side and tell me what you really require," Colfax said.

Morrissey made a strenuous effort, closing his fist, and, as he brought it down on the desk, said:

"You put me down that committee where I will have a chance to handle

fourths of the fertilizer applied are soaked out and swept away by flooding rains or sudden thaws, and floated off to some distant point. The water which is applied to the soil only stands there till it is carried away in torrents, and it will hardly be possible to increase too highly for profit the amount of water used."

"Very true, especially over the mountain slopes, as to modify agreeably the average temperature of your farm, or, as I have said, to make it more like the tropics. When I bought my place, or rather, the first settlement on it, the best spot I could select for a garden lay at the foot of a hill, and the hill was on the north, south and east, leaving it exposed to the full-south-of-north and north-west winds, so that, though the soil was gravelly and the hill was steep, the wind came from and backward. To remedy this, I planted four rows of covegreass (Calsaua, Esp. Pinner Red Cedar and Hemlock) along a steep slope, and then the north wind, blowing an inward curve of the ridge at its west end; and those covegreass have in

present day is imbued with a yearning desire to know what happens to our grandchild will think of the man who claims to have lived in the tropics as the only way to obtain the same. The ordinary historic method of doing this is by a tour to the South Sea Islands, but a delightful one is Don Quixote's and Sancho Panza's. Have they lost their vitality by their age? Don't they move, laugh and love as we do? Don't they grow old? And so, with Don Quixote and Sancho Weller, if their gentle adventures and kindly wit and hearty, benevolent satiric touch are not to be lost, why should they? They should not exist for our children as well as for us, and make the twenty-fifth century happy. Why have the nineteenth century men not taken care of themselves, then, as to the future."

—*from "The World as It Is,"*

**Plants Right.**

"Plants are not."

"Talk about the western and the daries, and the—the all the rest of 'em; none of

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Office, were in, waiting, and of the second's manner came in breathless and exclaimed: "That was a close call."

"There is Justice Cox, of Jefferson Market, piping up this. We had better get it. The report who knows Cox, indignantly says an English war-pollition." "That is all right," said Krill, and found Cox in a cigar store on the East-side of Broadway, opposite the game. Cox came out, immediately stopped, and said: "Broadway street, and waited the developments that were supposed to come. At this moment one of the officers—'What from Thirty-third street?'—said: 'That is the man.' He should make a Surgeon-General Office defense row, rushed down, and, addressing the sergeant, exclaimed: 'It is useless to wait. The dog is dead!'"

**A RETREAT.**

Sergeant Krill immediately ordered his command to disperse and go home. "That is all right," said Krill, and found Cox in a cigar store on the East-side of Broadway, opposite the game. Cox came out, immediately stopped, and said: "Broadway street, and waited the developments that were supposed to come. At this moment one of the officers—'What from Thirty-third street?'—said: 'That is the man.' He should make a Surgeon-General Office defense row, rushed down, and, addressing the sergeant, exclaimed: 'It is useless to wait. The dog is dead!'"











